

I was throwing a game with a shield and a sword  
Started having money, buying things that I used to couldn't afford  
At the beginning of my mannishness, I was the mannish-it  
I bought a nickel plated four fift'

Dautons, Granadas, Caddys and Fairlanes  
Chevy, Impalas, Cutlass and Mustang  
Donkey rows, jewelry like a Pharaoh  
Troop jackets, DBoy Apparel

Hop, we speak, coke, whatever you need  
You ought to add subtract but can barely read  
No, I can't, yes, I did, no, I didn't  
You think I'll be dead or successful or in prison

Triple beam scared while I was flipping the goop  
Hella clientele, I was getting my loot  
Concrete, I ain't made of feathers  
Tear shit up just like some angry protesters

I come from the streets  
Where they play for keeps  
The strong and the weak  
Gotta be concrete

I'm from the streets  
Where every day they leak  
Ambulance and police  
Gotta be concrete

He started out fast, he came in last, went outta gas  
But he was winning at first, what you call a person like that?  
A quarter horse, enter the game and came when I left, a tortoise  
That's domino talk, man, you a man, of course

You still in the game? Nah, we divorced  
You make any change? No remorse  
You're full of shit just like a port-a-potty  
His hustle game's sloppy, tricking off them boppies

I'm for what's right, maybe that's what's wrong  
That's what I was just telling my little homie on the phone  
Be a leader, not a follower  
And if you're going to be a follower, follow the right leader  
Stop thinking with your peter

My peter? Yeah, your dick  
Why? A chick will get you hit  
Keep your eye on the sparrow  
Get cornered and ambushed  
They'll limit with your space, your space is narrow

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He put his foot where his mouth is, good riddance  
They would be yelling a drive-thru, "A Kentucky Fried Chicken"  
They wasn't gangbanging but they was set tripping  
Ate him up real good but he's still living

The victim's parents lawyer on a case for real  
Tried to put the nigger who did it behind bars  
And make him pay the doctor's bill  
But the shooter a monster, he hella fear  
So ain't nobody talking, listen here

Not only them  
But the victim don't want nobody saying nothing anyway  
Because when he get out and get his shit together  
He gon' put them niggas under the weather

When it comes to feuding and funk, gotta be clever  
Beefing, commotion and drastic measures, drastic measures  
From the top of my head to the bottom of my feet  
I don't know about you, but I'ma stay concrete

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